

EXHIBIT 9

SCARLET LETTERS

Scarlet Letters

creation • seduction • genrefuck

Since February of 1998, Scarlet Letters has been one of the web's premier publishers of humanist, feminist, sex-positive, original and visionary creative and artistic work of all kinds. Unifying our erotic and sexuality content with an array of other types of work, we break boundaries and bridge gaps, crashing the genre barricades in favor of a collection of constantly updated work from some of the most inventive independent authors and artists online. Our goal: to give our readers an intimate and unique perspective on artistic expression without pretension or arbitrary limits. Get ready to look at sexuality, erotica, creativity and online media in a whole new way.

Scarlet Letters is intended for adults and contains nudity, sexuality and/or other 'adult' themes. Pieces containing 'adult' content are noted on this site with an easily-visible symbol. By viewing pages that are identified as adult content, you agree that it is legal for you at your age and in your present location to view such content, and that you view any adult content by your own consent.

If you are under 18 and looking for sex information, check out our sister site, Scarleteen.

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2-23-06

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Scarlet Letters

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VISUAL ART

photography • painting/illustration

The latest: Politically charged and vibrant oil paintings from Angie Reed Garner • Strong, modern and symbolic imagery from photographer Jaime Carrera • Gender-blending portraits from editor Heather Corinna • Dyke drag • Softly colored erotic illustration from Scarlet favorite Carolyn Weltman (see all)



New In Visual Art

PROSE & POETRY

short fiction • bowl of serial • poetry

The latest: How slowly my blood plods pulsing through my limbs, unrolling with the industrial certitude of the double-red-line depiction of the interstate system on a pastel map. A document, yes, my body is a chart of fluctuations, incessant demands, consistent needings and excretings, all quantifiable. Everything can be weighed, measured, calibrated by the ounce or by the pound. I need a pound of flesh, a good pounding, the hell pounded out of me. (more)

@ What's this?

That little scarlet letter notes 'adult' content. Clicking on pieces with that symbol mean you're certifying you are of age and in a location to legally view sexually explicit material.

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Saturday, 22-Jul-2006 10:35:56 PDT

10.06.04: So, we took a longer summer vacation than we intended. Those lazy, hazy, crazy days: you know how it goes. But we're back, with rich oil paintings from Angie Reed Garner in Visual Art, a brilliant address on sex work and morality from Annika Stratford in Nonfiction, and two introspective and original pieces of fiction from Tara K. Bloom and Joan Sulinski in Prose and Poetry.

05.17.04: Queer photographer Jaime Carrera shows intense, colorful symbolism in Visual Art, Raven Kaldera finishes his three part-series on gender presentation in Nonfiction, and it's a veritable parade of smokin' short fiction with Jolie du Pré, P.S. Haven, Leah Makuch and Misha Ferer in Prose and Poetry.

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NON-FICTION

creative nonfiction, essay & commentary
mixed-media reviews • sex advice

The latest: Our relationship with mainstream popular morality has historically been an antagonistic one. "Whore," says popular morality with skeptically raised eyebrows, in a pinched undertone - a breathy little exhalation like a snake's hiss. (more)



Site of the Week:
Erotic Readers Association

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femme-friendly
network sites -

INTERACTIVE

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ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE

rahne alexander • hanne blank • james brock
geoff cordner • heather corinna • r. gay
debra hyde • raven kaldera • anne tourney

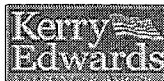
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A simple reminder from Scarlet to our American readers: please **vote** this year. We need your voices: **you** need your choices.

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VISUAL ART PROSE AND POETRY NONFICTION ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE



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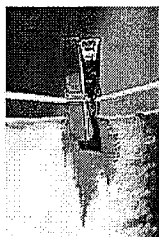
Visual Art

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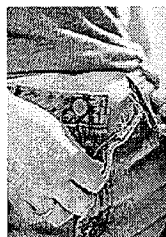
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Angie
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photography



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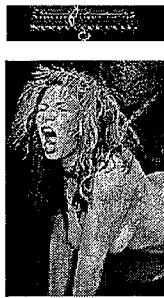
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photography



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photography



Recently added to the subscribers archive: Heather Corinna & Seska: Photography and verse • Retro Raunch: Vintage erotic photography • Geoff Cordner: Photography • Heather Corinna: Photography • Kore: Illustration • Geoff Cordner: Photography • B. Labouyi: Photography

& more visual art

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VISUAL ART PROSE AND POETRY NONFICTION ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE



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Prose & Poetry

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10.06.04: short fiction

Tara K. Bloom: Cinco de Mayo

How slowly my blood plods pulsing through my limbs, unrolling with the industrial certitude of the double-red-line depiction of the interstate system on a pastel map. A document, yes, my body is a chart of fluctuations, incessant demands, consistent needings and excretings, all quantifiable. Everything can be weighed, measured, calibrated by the ounce or by the pound. I need a pound of flesh, a good pounding, the hell pounded out of me. My spouse mi esposo my husband, Otto Wistler, is not doing it for me. I consider this as I suck on the cigarette, the dry vegetable dust of the burning tobacco amplified by my discontent, sensitive to the ricochets of every particular molecular pellet plummeting to my lungs. If touched, I will explode.

10.06.04: short fiction

Jolan Sulinski: Guided Tours

After some time, May sat up next to Lewis. He was taunt with desire, eager for her to release him. But she made no move to touch him.
"I can give you guidance, Lewis, but in the end, you have to find your own way."
"What if I get lost?"
"Maybe you're already lost."

05.17.04: short fiction

Misha Ferer: Unorthodox Gigolo

"Where's your husband now?"
"Probably with some Gentile hooker."
Making love like it was the last time in her life, she screamed so loudly, bottles of beer were exploding in the apartment below. She was insatiable. In her taste for loving she was gluttonous. Three thousand years of tradition was being shattered one thrust at a time.

05.17.04: short fiction

P.S. Haven: Scratch

I remembered how, from time to time, we would all fall suddenly quiet for just an instant before resuming, the eye of a noisy storm, when only our labored breathing and the slapping together of our sweaty flesh could be heard. I remembered how rough he was with Jamie, much more so than I had ever dared be, and how she struggled to keep her mouth on my cock as he fucked her.

05.17.04: short fiction

Jolie du Pré: In Lola I Trust

After several attempts to get in on my own I fuck Delia and voilà; I'm hired. In exchange she got an ornament, blond hair and big tits, the only type that gets her off. I've seen photos of her former girlfriends. We all look the same.

Dating a rich and powerful dyke was fun, at first. She spent a fortune on me. My diet improved. My clothes improved. I traveled to places I had only dreamed about.

05.17.04: short fiction

Leah Makuch: Diner

"What'll it be, sugar?" she asks and he knows, yeah, he knows what's cookin' behind those big ol' brown eyes tonight. She's got one button too many undone and that shirt serves up her breasts like dessert, ripe and fruity and just-so sweet. He orders coffee and a raspberry tart. Her lips are plum wine red and he could eat them, one then the other like strawberries in mid-July, sipping their nectar into his mouth and swallowing her heaven.

02.13.04: short fiction

Tara Alton: Zoe Clark

I decided I needed more fashion dolls. I went garage sailing far away from home and Justin, where I found what I needed. After I paid for them, I started stripping them in the driveway. I didn't need the clothes. Onto the pavement dropped a green spandex disco outfit, a pink tutu and a mermaid skirt. A little girl came up to me and asked me why I was taking off their clothes.

"I don't need them," I said.
"Why?" she asked, her eyes big.
"Because they are naked performance artists," I said.

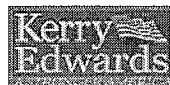
02.13.04: short fiction

R.M. Conroy: Behold the Man

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The priest bent forward on his hands and knees and began to crawl. Jenny slipped her shoe back on and walked silently behind him. She looked at this man, crawling along the grubby carpet, the flesh of his thighs and belly wobbling as he rocked from side to side. She slowly raised her whip arm high above him, brought down the thongs in a long, wide arc, cutting deep into his bottom. The thongs curled, bit deep into the cleft, clawed at his scrotum. He whimpered.

01.28.04: short fiction

Tara Alton: Perilous Penny, Part Time Pornographer

In my story, I had the two girls in the dressing room hook up after the confession with admiring glances of long limbs, lots of lace and garters. In real life, I had been trying on a yellow rubber duck design nightshirt, and Constance had been trying on a boring white slip... Now she kept leaving me voice mails, asking me to get together for lunch and lingerie shopping.

01.28.04: short fiction

Donna Storey: Spring Pictures

Kimura hesitated. He bent closer to Anna and whispered, "This action sounds very interesting, but strictly speaking, it is not in the picture you chose."

"Forget the fucking picture," Anna snapped in Japanese, her breath coming fast. She'd picked up street slang from some of her less refined customers.

01.28.04: short fiction

George Monk: The Thief and the Glove

She remembered lying on her back, her legs wrapped around somebody, she didn't know who, her eyes had been shut. He was burrowing into her with quick short movements, and then he slowed and made long movement— in, stop, out, stop, in, stop, out. She opened her eyes, her arms wrapped around his neck pulling him closer. She remembered the folds in the sheet, the spaces between the folds. How everything changed when she moved.

12.14.03: short fiction

Ann Regentin: e-mail to Venus

He caressed it, drew things on it, talked to it, kissed it, sang to it. Rubbing cocoa butter into it was his job and his alone. When the baby got large enough, Jason played with him, rubbing his back or tickling his feet through my skin. Even before I started to show, my husband would keep one hand on my belly when he fucked me, as if he were reminding himself of something.

12.14.03: short fiction

Matty Jackson: Blood

Then she would sigh. That was almost always her first utterance. An expression of release. Like the first drink at the end of a long stressful day or arrival at one's destination after a long, noisy train trip. Just the sort of sigh I could sense she felt all the way to her spine.

11.09.03: short fiction

Marie Drennan: Synergy

Imagine, then, what a real kiss would feel like to a Synerge. The flood of sensations would be too much to bear: her own added to the force of his, projected into her mind and drenching her consciousness with the molecules and electric zings of sexual arousal. Because to her brain and nervous system, the lust that comes from outside of her is just as real as her own, as is the response of her body; the rush of serotonin, the feeling of electricity on the skin, the delicious swelling of lips and breasts and clitoris -- all real.

11.09.03: short fiction

Ryan Kamstra: Last Trick Before the New World

Jeff had lost everything in the dogged pursuit of his grief. The man from the funeral agency who officiated had spoke kind, if general words. In the graveyard before the casket was lowered Jeff had distracted himself watching a few fighter jets streak across the sky, turn arcs, their high frequency screaming sounding a moment later. There was an air show going on that day and a war overseas. He remembered the leaves of the tree that day. Their crispness and circumference.

09.30.03: short fiction

Debra Hyde: Under the Frog Bridge

Like that other word my grandmother would use, *liebeskind*. But that word had dark beginnings. "Nothing good will come of this," she had hissed to my mother when first she held me, before she welcomed me into the family with her kisses and her cooing. *Liebeskind* -- me, the child tainted by an accident and abandonment, cherished despite the shame. As the cock shuddered within me, I choked on my shame,

knowing that that man's orgasm had fulfilled my grandmother's old world prediction.

09.30.03: short fiction

Jane Noel: Becky and the Candidate

They were wrapped up in what they were doing, oblivious to their surroundings, oblivious to right and wrong. He touched her shamelessly as they kissed, his hands growing even bolder, roaming up and down her thighs, pushing her skirt up. As if undecided, he returned to her breasts. Becky had nice breasts, and I'd seen men look at them before. I hadn't noticed the candidate do it, though. Not until that night, and he was doing a lot more than *looking*. But I was looking, too.

08.27.03: short fiction

S.M. Mannix: Barbara and the Butchers Son

As tempting as her matriarchal beauty might have been, they knew well that she was a destroyer of men's lives. Daring young men, who wore clean shirts to the bars on Saturday nights and played as much as they worked every other day of the week, admired Barbara recklessly. Her sumptuous beauty was too tempting, and their experience of female power too limited.

08.27.03: short fiction

Tulsa Brown: Flesh on A Woman

Lightning strike of shock and desire. Fattened up, like a goose or a piglet. The decadent, thrilling threat of it was beyond my fantasies. I twisted and writhed with apprehension while my clit rose up, a hard bullet of pulsing want. I could have mounted him in the kitchen.

08.27.03: short fiction

Amanda A. Gannon: Wings

But alone, alone it was another story. In the dark, her husband asleep, she'd squeeze her thighs together and think of him, and think of her wings. At night, surrounded by shadows, it seemed they enfolded her. Superstitiously, she did not even pleasure herself. Her denial sharpened her other senses. Denied satisfaction, she found continual desire.

08.27.03: short fiction

Cinthia Ritchie: Clean

I've come too many times, with too many men, for it to hold any surprises anymore. Though of course it still does, it will. That's one thing I can count on, look forward to, when I finally break down and fuck another man. That wonder, that terror: the way I will come.

07.25.03: short fiction

Ralph Bravo: 99 Bottles of Beer

I have never used alcohol as an accelerant to ignite lust into a brilliant, short-lived, incendiary explosion of flickering tongues, bodies pinned against doors, skirts ripped, and cocks spearing open spaces before finally hitting the soft, wet folds of hot cunt. I have on occasion accepted the more conventional side effects of alcohol when attempting to seduce a woman to admit me into her body.

07.25.03: short fiction

Sarah L. Walters: Chaconne

"It's amazing, it's unbelievable. Seventeen minutes of eight notes! Listen - B-flat, now." The living room is overflowing, filled with violin and light. She lays there, his hand on her forehead, and feels every note, every touch of his fingers in her hair. Seventeen minutes. When it is over, she reaches up, without saying anything, and plays it again.

07.25.03: short fiction

S.F. Mayfair: The Bookseller's Dream

I locked the door to the shop, turned the closed sign over, and pulled the blinds. When I turned around, Alexi had taken off her sweater and blouse. She was rubbing the open pages of the green book against her hardened nipples. It was then I knew that everything in my life had changed. Those nipples were omens.

06.18.03: short fiction

P.T. Krys: Brothel Art

The actual horror of it isn't so much the abject brutality as the plain fact that you, me, anyone, can disappear into this desert just like that. Baker, beggar, alderman, thief, it makes no difference. That dry, sumptuous lady of colors, she kisses your feet with her tongue of sand, raises your eyelids and sews them open with the brilliance of her sunny fire, drenching you in the infinite wounds of her sky and raining salt down upon the pain and loneliness of every hollow, animal hunger.

06.18.03: short fiction

Becky Tuch: Delicious Mouth

The edges, just where her lips become the inside of her mouth, are darker—a juicy crimson color. They are most sensitive right there, on that edge, where the nerves become moist. All along her tongue are the tastes of coffee, skin, water.

06.18.03: short fiction

Cate Robertson: The Joy of Handymen

His digital dexterity is astonishing. Even when you're standing back on to him, he'll push his big thumb against your clit and his slippery middle finger into your cleft, and when he begins to clench your pussy in that wide, warm palm of his while his other hand kneads your breasts, he can generate waves of heat that will prickle and boil up through your writhing ass and explode in stars across the black roof of your skull.

06.18.03: short fiction

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Geoff Corder: Clowns

Clown Town had dirt roads he reckoned, ramshackle wooden houses with ripped screen doors half off their hinges, damp laundry getting soaked in the drizzle on clothes lines, broken down cars stripped and abandoned on grassless yards, dirty clown kids running around screaming -- and he'd be stranded, sucked into Clown Town, forced to work in a circus, probably never see his friends and family again.

05.05.03: short fiction

Nicholas Urfé: The Arb

Like now: like now, we aren't thinking, I didn't consciously plan to be lying back in the cold grass, kissing Eva as she lies back against me, she didn't have to think to sit in my lap, lie back in my arms, Jamie isn't thinking as she kneels again to finish what she started, her shirt's gone, her bra's gone, and she didn't care about how her bare ass would be hanging out in the night air like it is now when she unbuttoned her jeans and shoved them over her hips so that I or Eva, I forget which, could ease a finger into her cunt.

05.05.03: short fiction

Jenni Miller: Smut

He was so beautiful, I can't tell you. He had this strange energy around him that attracted people in ways I felt, at seventeen, I never would. He was free of parents, of high school, of applying to colleges, of everything that made my life overprivileged and embarrassing. I wanted to not care about anything; I wanted to be him. If I couldn't be him, then perhaps I could fuck him. That was good enough for me.

05.05.03: short fiction

Evelyn Augusto: Body Paint

What part of her body would he begin with: his favorite or his least favorite? Do men have least favorites? She couldn't remember his. The room smelt of citrus. The skins of many tangerines lay carelessly among mugs filled with paint. (*He will begin with my...*)

03.23.03: short fiction

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

R. Gay: This Far Inside

She looks at her hands, and I glance downward. She has the most wonderful hands of anyone I've ever been with. I've memorized every line, every texture that her hand has to offer. When we hold hands, I fall in love with her all over again, because as my thumb brushes across the back of her hand and her thumb brushes over mine and our fingers clasp together, I feel larger than whole. I've never told her this, and now, there seems no point, but more than anything I want to take her hand in mine, so I can feel good again, so I can care about caring about us.

03.23.03: short fiction

Alexander Renault: The Particle House

Thousands of nights have been slept through in this place. Various owners, their families and friends, the occasional interloper between the transfer of deeds from one person to the next, all cast their spell. At times the rooms have echoed the sounds of painful childbirth, the clunk of a falling drunkard, the moans and gasps of teenagers learning how to pleasure one another for the first time. The painful, thrilling pop of the cherry, the virginal blood, the mad pumping to a rhythm only the cock and the house itself understand.

03.23.03: short fiction

C.E. Staples: Colors

The first time he blushed that night was when he pulled out his cell phone to call his driver. In the backseat of the limousine, he held me, but never so tight I couldn't flee. When we were stuck in traffic a few blocks from his apartment, he nibbled my ear and begged, "Touch me."

03.23.03: short fiction

Philip Hickey: Midnight Session

For a moment, Ghiger pulled away, studying Lucy's face with a surgeon's scrutiny: as though he had something of profound importance to tell her. Instead, he just smiled, acknowledging with his ashen eyes the burning in Lucy's cheeks, blushing to the brilliance of ripe plums.

02.14.03: erotic fiction

✱ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE



Rahne Alexander: Natural Bridges

I traced a thin line with my fingernail up her neck. She craned backwards, just out of my reach and said *Not lately*. She resumed her rightful position. *You're awful bold for such a pretty girl, she said.*

Well, I said, I know what I want and I know how to get it.

02.14.03: erotic fiction

✱ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE



Geoff Cordner: Meat and Potatoes

It was meat and potatoes sex. She was the meat and potatoes and he was the plate. She'd push him on his back grab his head and mount it. There was no seduction. She always had coarse stubble -- everything about her was coarse, even her beauty, and she really was beautiful. His face would get abraded. She'd grind and push and rub and grind and push and after a while she'd come with a grunt and a gasp and a hard sudden thrust, and after the second or third time he figured out to push forward on her ass at the crucial moment so that his nose would slide into the wet softness of flesh and not be smashed by the stubbly hardness of bone.

01.26.03: erotic fiction

Tara Alton: The End of Daphne Greenwood's Travel Career



The next day, I decided to add someone else to my voodoo box. Crystal. She had been sexually harassing me for the longest time, and I was finally fed up. You wouldn't believe the things she said to me like: *I love it when you wear purple. I like it when your hair is all wild like that.*

Women don't say things like that to one another. They say "cute skirt" or "nice blouse."

01.26.03: erotic fiction

Saachi Green: Of Dark and Bright



I wanted to lay my hand on your thigh, take your hand and press it between my own thighs to show you how every inflection of your voice, every tilt of your chin above your strong, smooth throat, every shift of expression letting beauty flash across the angular strength of your face, made the denim crotch of my jeans get wetter and wetter. It seemed impossible that you couldn't sense, and scent, my arousal; it seemed, now that you were more than a personification of my fantasies, just as impossible that you could share them.

12.23.02: poetry

Jianda Johnson

sometimes i think you're a moviestar and i'm
the last starfucker on earth.
"roll over, sweetheart," you command me. "help me wash off my wings."

11.25.02: erotic fiction

Tenille Brown: What It Looks Like From the Outside



To the guy hiding behind the bushes watching my head thrown back, hearing my husband's short, quiet grunts, we are lovers who can't get enough of each other. To Ms. Bessie across the street, we are deep in the throes of passion and simply cannot make it inside.

This is what it looks like from the outside.

11.25.02: erotic fiction

Stephen Elliott: Tears



I open my mouth but only make small, animal sounds, and it's stuck with long strands of spit. The tears come long and fast now, and the moans and cries. It seems endless. I feel like I could cry forever, choking. I feel the weight of her on my chest, the comfort of the ropes keeping my limbs apart. I feel her climbing from me. Her feet on the floor, her hands stroking my stomach and the air rushing into my mouth and nose. "It's OK," she says. "It's OK."

It's just like she said in her ad. Dacryphilia, arousal from tears.

10.28.02: erotic fiction

Jane Noel: Absence, or the Triad of Mourning



It was a sullen little hunger in the afternoon, a teary ache that never receded. She could finger her nipples, touching herself as she'd done since she lay in her bed in a pink and white Seventeen-magazine bedroom. Touch like a novice musician hearing the miracle of melody for the first time, finally understanding how to put it together. Touch in changing tempos: quickly and furtively, or carefully and slowly, testing pleasure in the palette of its debut. It all had felt so good. Nothing had really changed; pleasure remained as tempting as ever. But she had a taste for it now, had learned to live with it as her due. But she couldn't suckle.

10.28.02: erotic fiction

Tara Alton: The Sweater

By the time I got there, Paula had already gone to bed. I went to my room and put away my clothes. Like a fifteen year old boy craving his first crush, I smelled her sweater. A summer afternoon filled my senses. It was her softener sheet, I realized.

10.28.02: erotic fiction

Amanita Rand: Sunburn

I watch as he descends. I can't see his eyes, but I picture them -- a shade of blue that makes me think of skies and oceans. And lies. They're liar's eyes. They go well with his lips. The frisson of anger that I'm hiding makes me hotter, makes me want him more. As his lying lips and tongue circle my stomach, I writhe under him, pushing my hips toward his face.

10.10.02: bowl of serial (serial fiction)

Anne Tournery: The Motel Donna Maria

Episode Six

Joel feels a surge of dislike for their absent hostess. When Donna Maria confronted him with the full force of her self-righteous anger, Joel had wanted to grab Carly and get the hell out of there. Instead, he had rolled over, showing Donna Maria his belly. She had been more than happy to leave him in that position as she roared off in her pickup truck.

So why is his cock so hard that he's stumbling?

08.29.02: short fiction

Nicholas Urfé: Somewhere (Not Here)

I blew out a breath full of half-voiced syllables, nonsense sounds. Homina, homina, afazza frazzlefass. Let my head droop suddenly. Held still, above her. Arms trembling. Shivering. Her hand on my neck then, pulling me down, a weight. I let her, collapsing onto her, her arms around me, her thigh brushing my hip as an ankle locked with my knees, squeezing. "Oh, baby. Oh."

08.29.02: short fiction

Sacchi Green: Alternate Lives

My arms tightened around her tense body. Her cheek pressed against mine; her words vibrated directly into my bones. "So you understand how I came to be waiting for death on the ice."

08.29.02: short fiction

Gwynne Garfinkle: Junior Little

Junior Little (whose real name was Peter—"Peter Little, ha ha!" Debby chuckled, "but his isn't!") was a twenty-four year old truck driver with a blond buzz-cut and an earring. The night we met him at a punk party in Ventura County, he wore a tight black vinyl jumpsuit, and Debby's eye jumped from Eddie to Junior. Pretty soon the cops came (the music was too loud); and Debby, Hillary and I ended up drinking 151 in Junior's car. When he went to take a piss, Debby turned to me. "Do you like him?"

08.29.02: short fiction

Skian McGuire: The Chick Magnet

I staggered out of the men's room into the arms of the tall blonde. My nose collided painfully with her collarbone. She didn't bat an eye. She held out a bubbly ice-filled glass.

08.01.02: short fiction

*ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Debra Hyde: On Hallowed Ground

Mark's idea came to him during one day during a boring jack-off. In a brief mental epiphany -- the best of which always happened when it involved his dick -- the word sex lead to hooker, which led to Thomas Hooker. That was followed by the vision of Ramona's face, followed by his familiarity with her tight ass, followed by a quick tension, a long release, and a thick glob of cum which oozed onto his belly.

08.01.02: short fiction

Silke Shackleton: Naia

She imagines him furtively touching himself in the darkness of a night train, a third class compartment hurtling west from Cracow or Riga or Prague, the gasp of his furtive orgasm silenced against his fist amongst a throng of snoring passengers. Maybe he had a girl back at home who let him fuck her standing up in a stairwell, in an empty studio after-hours, against a crumbling wall on a deserted street. Maybe that was only what he dreamed about.

07.02.02: short fiction

WORLD'S WORST @

Please Cain: Strangers In the Night

You are further charged with the idealized portrayals through the media of recorded sound and motion pictures of the lives and exploits of gangsters, military officers and playboys having lifestyles as alien to yours as that of any person who has ever worked a day in his or her life; with exploiting for personal profit the hopes, fears and insecurities of the working masses who toil through dreary existences of boredom and unrealized expectations; with pursuing and perpetuating the continuance of your career beyond its planned obsolescence...

07.02.02: short fiction

WORLD'S WORST @

L.E. Bland: Play Do's and Play Don'ts

It all began with a simple misunderstanding over mushroom pizza. One afternoon in a small Texas town, three outcasts learned an appalling secret about one another.

06.17.02: poetry

@

Lisa Tessendorf: Multiplicity • Emotional Upheaval • A job not so well done

The door of the bathroom is now the only thing between she and I.
She, the one who occupies your heart,
while I busy your fist.

06.01.02: bowl of serial (serial fiction)

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Hanne Blank: Getting There

Episode Five

Vivian had refused to give any sign of whether she'd ever been in a K-Mart before, but Kala suspected she might well not have, though then again, her glazed, disoriented expression could simply have been the usual sort of daze that came over every K-Mart shopper eventually.

06.01.02: bowl of serial (serial fiction)

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

@

Anne Tournay: The Motel Donna Maria

Episode Five

What about you, Donna Maria? Rick asked, the first time they made love. He was lying back on the bed, scrutinizing her body as she tugged off her t-shirt and pushed her bra straps off her shoulders. Even when her breasts shimmered out into the open, his gaze never softened. *How strong are you?*

05.08.02: short fiction

WORLD'S WORST @

Vinnie Tesla: A Sex Story (with no sex in it)

As she entered the convenience store, the bell jingled faintly, and Biff, the strapping young clerk, entirely failed to look up from his monster truck magazine. His thick, uncircumcised member remained flaccid, a fact evident to anyone who was to glance (though no one did) at its shape, clearly outlined through his snug bluejeans.

05.08.02: short fiction

WORLD'S WORST @

Sidney Durham: The Star

It's about ten a.m. and I've already gotten off three times watching those girlie exercise shows on the sports channels. Don't they know that nobody really does them exercises? There's guys just like me all over the place, watching those boobies bounce and jiggle while they whack off. Shit, I thought everybody knew that. Exercise show starts, come starts shooting all over the country.

04.19.02: short fiction

@

Jim Martin: The Dream Thing

He wants to tell her everything, the way she can draw a smile out of him, the way he feels when he sees her, the way he feels when she leaves. All he can manage in response is "teach me."

04.10.02: poetry

Laura Jent: Biology Lessons • Geography Lessons • Leaf Lessons • At the Blue Door

My tongue, my hand-made canoe, drags across the plains of her neck, in search of the Mississippi, rewarded with the shivers, prairie winds.
A tornado develops in the bedroom, rips across the heartland, with its molasses and covered wagons.

04.10.02: bowl of serial (serial fiction)

Hanne Blank: Getting There

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Episode Four

It's no secret that a glance can say more than a sentence and that some facial expressions can beggar even the most eloquently worded paragraphs. The sticky bit is the interpretation. Faced with the overstuffed file folder, Kala's dumbstruck stare might've telegraphed sudden panic, a sort of overload crisis caused by the sudden threat of too damned much impending input.

04.10.02: bowl of serial (serial fiction)

Anne Tournay: The Motel Donna Maria

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Episode Four

The man on the bed is taking deep, contented drags of a hand-rolled cigarette. The smoke merges with the perpetual haze that blankets the ceiling. This is the one time Donna Maria has seen him, the only time he's allowed it. Why this time, after so many others?

Recently added to the subscribers archive: Astrid L:

Vichyssoise • Lynne Jamneck: Suave • Helena Settimana: Amadou • James Brock • Hanne Blank: Apocrypha • Lisa Wolfe: How to Bake a Cake • Jackie Walker: She Prefers Plastic • Heather Corinna • Nicholas Urfe: Silk and Amphetamines • R. Gay: Hands on the Heart • Hanne Blank: Getting There • Anne Tournay: The Motel Donna Maria • kris t. kahn: Ganymeade • Hanne Blank: Claudia

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NONFICTION

Nonfiction

sexpirtise • reviews • essay & commentary

10.06.04: essay & commentary

Annika Stratford: Welcome to the Festival

Our relationship with mainstream popular morality has historically been an antagonistic one. "Whore," says popular morality with skeptically raised eyebrows, in a pinched undertone - a breathy little exhalation like a snake's hiss.

Well. Perhaps we don't think any more of popular morality than it thinks of us. Maybe we don't need it, what with its constipated psyche, and its predilection for reality TV. But does this mutual rejection leave us whores inhabiting a moral void, a floating world deprived of moral gravity?

05.17.04: essay & commentary

Raven Kaldera: When Sex Is a Drag (Part III)

★ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

The background for this argument is fifty years of assumptions by sexual researchers that women don't have the kind of nasty, humiliating, ridiculous-looking sexual fetishes that men do. Women are above that sort of thing; their sexuality is healthy and normal-looking - or on the other end of the speculative spectrum, prudish and uptight. Getting a charge from tottering around in high heels or lacy panties is something that comes from too much testosterone, and if a woman puts on high heels or picks up a riding crop or straps on a dildo, she's doing it to please her partner. This myth has been swallowed whole not only by men but by many lesbians as well; thus the famed debate over the existence of leatherdykes. And if women don't have paraphilias, then they certainly don't cross-dress, or at least not for sexual purposes. If a woman puts on a suit and tie, she's doing it to break gender stereotypes, to take on butch masculine power, to perform drag....not to get herself hot and wet. And what goes for women, this argument continues, goes for people who started out women as well.

01.28.04: essay & commentary

Raven Kaldera: When Sex Is a Drag (Part II)

★ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Sometimes when you drag out an opposite-sex persona - so to speak - you find that it's been stashed in the same mental closet as all the things that you don't like about the opposite gender, and they've become stuck all over it like barnacles, or growths. They won't flake off until that persona has been exposed to the air for a while, and gotten a chance to rub up against real people and real circumstances. This may mean plowing through years of humiliating stereotypical behavior until that part of you evolves and grows into a fuller human being. I've seen it again and again, especially in people who are just starting to cross-dress or whose CD persona only gets out once in a while. Stereotypes abound: the trashy whore, the catty and manipulative upper-class bitch, the irresponsible little girl, the supported housewife who never has to work or deal with the outside world, the delicately passive - and utterly useless - ornament, and, of course, Mom.

11.09.03: creative nonfiction

Jennifer Bennett: Blood

Experiencing such exuberance in cutting you is new to me. Though I'd cut one person before, I never experienced the vicarious high, all the beauty and satisfaction of cutting with none of the bad after-effects - disconnectedness and limp, hopeless depression. It's safe to cut you. I hope it's safe to let you cut me. I know it's still not safe for me to cut myself.

11.09.03: essay & commentary

Caitlin Hopkins: The Second First Time

Not yet having surgery, there was not much personal experience I could use to disagree with her. Yes, many people said they were orgasmic after SRS. But there was not much more to go on. For some reason, post-op transsexuals seemed hesitant in sharing specifics. Post-op orgasms took on a mythic status, like some great white elephant.

09.30.03: essay & commentary

Elaine Miller: A Queerer Eye For the Play Party

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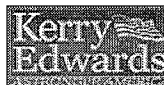
CONTENT

No 002002

10.06.04: So, we took a longer summer vacation than we intended. Those lazy, hazy, crazy days: you know how it goes. But we're back, with rich oil paintings from Angie Reed Garner in Visual Art, a brilliant address on sex work and morality from Annika Stratford in Nonfiction, and two introspective and original pieces of fiction from Tara K. Bloom and Jolan Sulinski in Prose and Poetry.

05.17.04: Queer photographer Jaime Carrera shows intense, colorful symbolism in Visual Art, Raven Kaldera finishes his three part-series on gender presentation in Nonfiction, and it's a veritable parade of smokin' short fiction with Jolie du Pré, P.S. Haven, Leah Makuch and Misha Ferer in Prose and Poetry.

02.13.04: Happy 6th birthday to Scarlet! (Six years? How the fuck did that happen?) A mini-update awaits you -- two new original erotic stories in Prose and Poetry, and new toy reviews and a little strap-on pep talk in Reviews.



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VIEW TOP INDEX

In my ten years of being a Vancouver pervert, and until I became involved in helping organize the Studio Q queersexual events, I had rarely seen fags and dykes do BDSM play alongside each other. It's true that we aren't the same as each other, and sometimes I get the feeling that we puzzle each other a bit. Some of the nasty grrrls play with blood as if it were latex-covered-finger paint. Ew! Ouch! Some of the boys describe themselves as cum-pigs and felchers. What's up with that?

09.30.03: essay & commentary

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Raven Kaldera: When Sex Is a Drag

There's an assumption that drag queens, in general, ought probably to prefer to have sex as women, or porn-style "she-males". After all, people reason, since gender is all tied up with sex, then cross-gender dressing must be sexual in nature, so why dress up like that unless you wanted to be the opposite sex in bed? Of course, in real life, it's never that simple.

08.27.03: interview & commentary

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE
! EDITOR IN CHIEF

Heather Corinna: Dragged, Kicking and Screaming: Dykes Do Drag

From the onset, *Dykes Do Drag* has been mixed gender, mixed orientation, mixed identity and mixed media. Some of that diversity may well lie in how Spear defines the term "dyke." She doesn't see it as a sexual identifier so much as a holistic identity, encompassing social consciousness and awareness, political activism, challenging the boundaries of cultural and sexual programming, and an embracing of sexuality as well as sexual creativity and whimsy. That given, the "dykes" at DDD are not all biologically female or even female identified. They're also not all lesbian.

08.27.03: essay & commentary

Dahlia Schweitzer: Seeking Stardom by Stripping it Bare

In both the adult and music industries, the woman is seen as an entertainer, judged, at least partly, by her sex appeal. The stripper and the singer are seen as expositors, revealing their bodies, their souls, or both; threatening when they appear too much in control, when the power outweighs the vulnerability quotient. When it becomes apparent how thoughtfully the stripper/singer has constructed her image, it becomes alarmingly obvious that she has dictated her own objectification in a way that a *Penthouse* model cannot - cue the backlash.

07.25.03: creative nonfiction

Rachel Kramer Bussell: Dirty

Or this. She tells me to make myself come, something I've never done in a front of a lover before. Her tone is one I haven't heard from her; it's not admiration or a compliment or a question; it's a command. I look up at her breathlessly, so eager to please her, more eager to make her happy than myself (which in turn makes my heart race). She's taken care of that though, by telling me to come, and I hold my breath as I play with my clit. I want to come for her, for me, for us.

07.25.03: essay & commentary

James Elliott: He & The Kid

When faced with nothing positive, will an opportunity present itself with someone that can show you how being a gay man and a single parent are done?

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE
! EDITOR IN CHIEF

05.05.03: creative nonfiction

Heather Corinna: On Your Mark

They're the wardrobe door to my private Narnia. I look at them, touch them, someone else sees them and asks or gasps and I'm right back inside the last fevered place I left... Just one glance in the mirror and the room smells like you, of fresh-mowed grass and laundry soap on velvety, worn cotton. The smallest touch of this sore spot or that one and you're here: your eyes shut tight, lower lip sucked in slightly, the baby chick fuzz of your just-shorn hair tickling my nipples and thighs.

05.05.03: AiR craft series

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Debra Hyde: Chaos and Creativity

Writing is a greedy creature. It sucks you into its demands and then insists on your complete attention and dedication. It's egocentric. Just like children. When mine were little, I almost completely abandoned writing. I tried writing short observational essays -- what would now be labeled creative nonfiction -- but no sooner would I draft something and the muse would hammer me for line edits, than my toddler son would take his toy hammer to my foot and demand equal time.

02.14.03: creative nonfiction

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Raven Kaldera: The Polyamory Contract

E. We promise to be honest about our feelings at all times, never to play the martyr in order to look generous, never to dismiss a feeling on the basis of irrationality - all feelings are irrational and will be taken seriously anyway - and never to give in to "shiny new lover" syndrome, in which infatuation with the new toy precludes attention to the old.

02.14.03: essay & commentary

Anna Mills: Puck in the Mirror

Writing queers me. A mischevious spirit lives in my writing process, grinning at my blindness and plotting to overturn my complacent self-understandings. In the course of the last decade, I have clung to straight, lesbian, bisexual, femme, androgynous and genderqueer identities. At each stage, my writing has hinted at the ways in which I escape my current label. Writing challenges me to explore and embrace my complex, shifting sexuality and gender.

02.14.03: creative nonfiction

Raven Kaldera: Feminist on Testosterone:

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

The View From An Intersexual FTM

That's a quote on a button that I invented. I am a poet, not an academic; a shaman, not a scholar. This essay has no footnotes. It is entirely personal, and therefore suspect. Imagine me, sitting there across from you - always across from you, not next to you, because you are not yet sure how close you want to get to me. Imagine me in my worn leather jacket, my old barn boots caked with goat manure, my plaid flannel shirt; clothing selected not to make a statement, but because it's easily washed after hard labor. Imagine the gestures of my hands as I speak - large for a woman's, small for a man's. They could be either.

01.22.03: essay & commentary

Heather Corinna: For Jane and Sarah, On Their 30th Birthday

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE
✂ EDITOR IN CHIEF

I didn't have an abortion because I was pregnant due to rape or incest. I didn't have an abortion solely because of finances. I didn't have an abortion because I didn't want to ever have children. I didn't have an abortion because of medical reasons. I had an abortion because I did not want to bear or parent a child.

12.23.02: essay & commentary

James Elliott: No Link, Just Think

He went online to look for sex, just sex, and he never saw the men when they entered his apartment and then entered him. He knew he wanted, they knew what they wanted, but nobody ever bothered to worry or care about the details. *Did you get tested? Are you wearing a condom? Hey, what's your name?* It was only six men, but that is the right number for a game of Russian Roulette. Only he spun the barrel and came out losing.

11.25.02: essay & commentary

James Elliott: A Homo In the Making

Rob lived ninety miles north of Denver and was 18. He had already traveled to Belgium, spoke French, smoked cigarettes, did the occasional drug for recreational purposes, and was living with his parents. Rob's hair was naturally brown and straight, parted in the middle and touching his ears. Each ear lobe held a sterling silver piercing, and he even had a matching nose piercing on his left side. There were silver rings on his fingers, and he wore a white dress shirt over a white undershirt, all neatly tucked into his jeans, with a braided leather belt. His choice of fragrance was Calvin Klein's Obsession for Men.

We weren't exactly a match made in Heaven, but who cares? Rob paid attention to me and thought I was cute.

11.25.02: essay & commentary

Rahne Alexander: All This, And Brains Too

Perhaps Jaggar was reducing me to a curvy mimic in pigtails, aping the non-natural fashion of natural women. The rest of the world -- friends, lovers, employers, customers, the creeps who cat-call me from their cars, and, most importantly, me -- sees me as female. I get girl jobs at girl pay, where my girl opinions are ignored and my girl appearance is my chief asset. Feminism still has a lot of work to do.

10.28.02: essay & commentary

R. Gay: Curious, This George

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

There is a man in my life: a man whom I detest with an inexplicable, yet white-hot passion. His name is George. He is a stuffed monkey, soft, with wide black eyes, and a long tail that curves subtly around his body when he is sleeping. He watches me, without blinking, when I'm getting dressed, working on the computer in the living room, taking a look in the refrigerator for something to snack on. Really, it doesn't matter what I'm doing -- there he is -- always watching.

10.28.02: essay & commentary

Rahne Alexander: Girl Talk

This autogynephilia concept was borne out of an effort to understand *why* a person would want to become a woman, especially when she faces opponents like genetics, hormones, the pink collar and the U.S. Passport system. To willingly become a woman is illogical and inexplicable when phallusphilia reigns supreme. Suddenly I'm slapping my head and wishing I had a V-8.

10.10.02: essay & commentary

Eli Clare: Sex, Celebration, and Justice: A Keynote for the Queerness and Disability Conference 2002

When those straight, well-meaning disability studies profs ask me ever so politely to come to their school and talk about disability and sexuality, they aren't requesting a presentation about heterosexuality, much less the whole universe of sexual possibility. Rather, they mean that *other* sexuality, that exotic sexuality, that queer sexuality. Or I get asked by nondisabled queer activists to be part of panels about sexuality and disability. I never know if they're really serious about doing anti-ableism education or if truly they just want another believe-it-or-not freak show, a tell-all about what crips do in bed.

09.16.02: essay & commentary

Kara Maia Spencer: The Princesses of Porno Power: Women's Erotic Comix

I read *Sassy's* fashion spreads on dresses-over-jeans, combat boots, and punk rock hair dye. In the evenings, I read my sister's smut and learned about oral sex, masturbation, hymens, and fetishes. Archie and Betty and Veronica were devoid of the prurient details that I craved as a teenage girl. It took almost a decade until I discovered that comic books can be feminist and sexy.

09.16.02: creative nonfiction

Rahne Alexander: bullet riddles

nebraska 1993 + john lotter and thomas nissen appointed themselves sphinx to traveller brandon teena + their riddle: "what are you?" + brandon had to know that there was a price to be paid regardless of whether he answered "boy" or "girl" + since neither answer could satisfy this sphinx, brandon was killed + since sphinxes never share their answers, we may never know what answer would have been satisfactory to save him.

09.16.02: essay & commentary

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Raven Kaldera: Earthbound

Day and night, the milkings, bracketing each day like sunrise and sunset. The day milking, when I come out into green-and-blue daylight, or perhaps grey rain; the night milking where I stare at stars.

08.01.02: review & commentary

Chris Hall: Two Women, One Year, and Hep C

Even though it's been thirteen years since HCV was identified, it remains an extremely misunderstood disease in the public mind. Two San Francisco writers, Cara Bruce and Lisa Montanarelli are both living with Hepatitis C, and have written a book called *The First Year: Hepatitis C*.

08.01.02: essay & commentary

Sharona: My Virgin Mind

I came into extreme, insistent sexual awareness at eleven, and did not make sexual contact with another human being until I was nineteen, and in my second year of college. I believe that these facts, placed side by side, go a long way toward accounting for my career as a writer.

07.02.02: sex advice

Blowhard: Sex Tips with Attitude

Archer Parr is a transgendered dandy, lapsed academic and experienced sex toy peddler. An unrepentant know-it-all, he likes nothing better than telling people what to do. And he's here to answer your sex questions.

06.01.02: essay & commentary

Hanne Blank: Learning to Love the Rain: The Queer Vitality of Sexuality Beyond Identity

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE
‡ EDITOR IN CHIEF

I offer you sovereignty because I too am tired of not being accepted for all the things I am. I offer you sovereignty in the face of every one who ever asked "am I really bisexual if I...." or made you feel that you weren't bisexual enough, or queer enough, or gay enough, or whatever enough to fit into their version of what the people they gave those labels to ought to look like and act like. I offer you sovereignty as the only crown fit to be worn by the rebel, the outcast, the heretic, the

renegade, the in-between, the I-don't-know-and-you-don't-either, the one who takes their half out of the middle.

05.08.02: essay & commentary

Ariel Meadow Stallings: Globalgasm: Come Together Right Now

I double-check my setup: the Hitachi Magic Wand is plugged into the power-strip shared by my monitor and PC. My webcam is on, the streaming software functioning with a decent refresh rate. I load a separate cam window, turn on my speakers, and listen to a man implore, "Take your time...we don't have to arrive at our destination simultaneously. In fact, there's no pressure to arrive at all. We just want to share a path and mindset and raise the energy level around us."

04.11.02: essay & commentary

Heather Corinna & Hanne Blank: A Calm View from the Eye of the Storm

† EDITOR IN CHIEF

On hysteria, youth, and sexuality

As we should all be aware from thousands of years of human history, youth sexuality poses no real threat to us when it is entered into and developed responsibly and compassionately. It is, in fact, biologically inevitable that we develop sexually at puberty in physical ways. Historically, the advent of sexual activity, both masturbatory and partnered, has generally been assumed to be a natural adjunct of this physical development. Almost all cultures, whether primitive or modern, devise social structures and meanings around both the physical process of sexual maturation and around sexual activity.

04.11.02: essay & commentary

★ ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

R. Gay: A Fat Girl's Rhapsody

There is something about the gaunt faces and angled bodies of these girls that at once attracts and repulses you. You wonder what holds their bodies together. You envy the way their flesh is stretched taught against their brittle bones. You envy the way their clothes hang listlessly from their bodies, as if they aren't even being worn, but rather, floating -- a veritable vestment halo rewarding their thinness. The reporter speaks with disdain about the rigorous exercise regimens these girls put themselves through, the starvation, the obsession with their bodies. And still, you are envious because these girls have the willpower.

04.11.02: essay & commentary

Rachel Barenblat: My Life in Fuck-Me Shoes

My sister says there are two kinds of shoes: fuck-me shoes, and fuck-you shoes. I've spent most of the last decade wearing the latter, in rebellion against - or is it "in recovery from" -- an adolescence of the former.

Recently added to the subscribers archive: Benn Ray: Woods Porn • Hanne Blank: Late Night Thoughts On An Early Spring Sugar High • Debra Hyde: New Tricks • Maura H.: The Girl Next Door • Raven Kaldera: Confessions of an Obsessive Witness • Geoff Cordner: Crime Blotter • Raven Kaldera: Double Cross • Leila Raven: Notes on My Naked Career • Hanne Blank: So, You Want to Write Erotica? • Nicholas Urfé: Etiquette • Debra Hyde: Parallel Thrills • Heather Corinna: Chronology of a Fixation...

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wanton words and eye candy create, critique or general chatter	121	08 November 2005 12:47 PM by Rosslink
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everything under the moon General chat for all women. Email forums@scarletletters.com for permission to this area. (women-only)	37	16 January 2005 12:28 PM
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artists in residence

Hanne Blank	21	01 February 2003 09:59 AM by fat&luvinit
James Brock	0	
Geoff Cordner	17	13 May 2004 07:12 PM by geoffcordner1
Heather Corinna	751	20 July 2006 05:52 AM by appio
R. Gay	1	26 February 2002 06:16 AM by MizScarlet
Debra Hyde	0	
Raven Kaldera	1	16 February 2002 07:17 AM by MizScarlet

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